



# THE CASKET.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

---

BY CHARLES CANDID.

---

VOL. I.

Saturday, April 11. ...1812.

No. 19.

---

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

POCAHONTAS.

IN the wildest scenes of Nature, have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the color and charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, captain Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interests the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index to his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being; and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems, had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled Chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners, with knotty clubs surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of

cruelty were raised ! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors ; she placed her cheek on Smith's ; and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter ; and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success, she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprise, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks captivity, Smith returned to Jamestown, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides, he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The constitutions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith, to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature, and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty, with her *cornucopiæ*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings : and, in the romantic recess of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed and she wept ; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her



affection. Powhatan made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save a man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprised him of his danger. Love seems to be the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensius, forgets the brother and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favorites.

A dangerous wound, which captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with a full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded by the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.—*Concluded in our next.*

---

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

---

R O V E R.....No. IV.

“E pluribus unum.”

Saturday, April 11, 1812.

“———Who is this?”

“It is not me, nor me, nor me

“That is meant—who then can it be?”

SIR CHARLES,

Every situation in life affords abundant matter for serious reflection and useful instruction. Indeed observation teaches us that every human character is a mirror of nature, wherein may be seen some striking resemblance of our own features and dispositions. My neighbor, Puff, was one of the most *notable* men of his day. As a practical, moral teacher he fancied himself to be the model of excellence, and was really so reputed in every circle of those *learned* gentry, who modestly assume to themselves the exclusive arbitership of worth

and talents. He uniformly *professed* the greatest aversion to immorality, in whatever fascinating form she might appear; and declaimed, with as much *nature* and *feeling*, upon the dreadful consequences of intemperance, folly, and fraud, as a convict just escaped from the executioner's lash, or an emaciated debauchee, tottering on the verge of dissolution. He believed that experience was the mother of ideas; and naturally enough inferred that the man, who lies upon a bed of thistles, puts his finger into the fire, runs his head against a post, or gets drunk and tumbles into the mire, can describe the appearance and effects of each with more clearness and truth, than one not only born blind, but who has lived and died in a china jar. Fully impressed with this belief, and governed by the consideration, that "good intention will excuse an action, however bad in itself," he occasionally *moistened the clay*, and not unfrequently indulged in all the excess of wanton dissipation. His conduct indeed had its effect; for his looks and actions, in these moments of fashionable recreation, never failed to speak a language which every *rational* and *sober* man might readily comprehend.

He was an affectionate, warm friend, and meant well, though his actions would often justify suspicions of his sincerity. His head passed as current with the multitude, as counterfeit Bank Bills do with a set of certain pious, conscientious people, who would fain make judges, and bankers believe that killing is no murder, and forgery no crime. No man's countenance bore plainer marks of pleasurable intemperance, or gross folly. No man's head contained more various matter. It was a strange compound of still stranger materials. Like a lunatic's wallet, it contained much base coin, with here and there a shred and patch of science. Every such head, however, is not to be despised and rejected. If it was, who would not have abundant reason to cry out, "spare me! spare me!" Indeed a parrot's head, an owl's head, or even a blockhead, is better than no head. But poor Puff is dead. Whether he died of the gout, gravel, hyp, cholic, consumption, dropsy, lethargy,



or merely for the want of breath, doctor Quack could never determine. But that his patient was really dead, the good doctor never doubted for a moment after he discovered his mouth, lungs, and body to be in a high state of putrefaction. Mourn ye imitators of him, mourn his untimely departure for the land of spirits. Let some warm, devoted disciple of his, pronounce his funeral eulogium. Nor let him forget to warn those human butchers, who handle other people's characters with as little ceremony as they do their own cattle, sheep and poultry—not to suffer the breath of calumny to blast the laurel upon his grave; nor the finger of scorn to write his epitaph in his ashes, dictated by the tongue of slander.

It is fitting, however, that I should here mention two excellencies, which he possessed in common with many other great men, and which were exclusively the fruits of habit. The first was—he would talk you asleep, and to avoid the impoliteness of taking French leave, of going off without the ceremony of bidding “good night”—would always sit, or stand, or walk, with an impetuous torrent of words continually tumbling from his mouth, until he had talked you fairly awake. The second was—the faculty of *interrupting* the course of conversation, and of catching the word from the speaker's mouth; which he would do with surprising aptness; and however pithy or sublime the sentence, never failed to conclude it in a style and manner suited to his own notions of propriety, elegance and taste. So much for poor Puff. Well! who's he like? Why, Mr. —, no, he's too much honesty to be like him—Ah! Mr. —, no, here again the coat won't fit. Puff didn't swear, nor blaspheme, nor hunt, nor fish of a Sunday. Well! I don't know; all I know is—he an't *exactly* like me.

A venerable old gentleman, so far as age can make one venerable,—lived near me. But, alas! he too sleeps with his ancestors. Doctor Gruel, his family physician, told me, with his own mouth, that the good man actually died of the *bots*. Tasteless was his name. He one day said to me, with an air of significance, “I

take an honorable pride in my name." He pronounced it Taste-*less*. "True, I may have much *less* taste, than a Duke, Lord, or Marquis, but I certainly have *more*, than the man, who spends his last shilling at the ale house, while his wife and children, in some lonely hovel, are shivering with cold, and crying for bread; or the miserable wretch who pawns his hat and coat at the billiard, or card table, and naked and pennyless, sleeps in a stable, or on a pile of rubbish by the side of the street.

His house was a massy pile, of antique structure. The rooms were spacious, and well furnished. At least they contained all the *necessary* articles of household furniture. The domestic economy of Tasteless was of a *rare* kind; especially in articles of *use*; in other things he too had his oddities. He first laid in necessaries, then conveniences merely, and lastly, if he had any funds to spare, he gratified his tasteless taste in things only calculated to make a *show*. In short, the whole establishment exhibited a wonderful combination of the heaviness and strength of gothic grandeur, and of the tinselled elegance of modern fancy.

The hieroglyphic representations upon the ceilings, in the great parlour, afforded at once both instruction and amusement. In one part, you beheld the deluge subsiding, leaving the Ark upon Arrarat: in another, the march of the Israelites to the holy land, their apostacy, and subsequent dispersion. Here you viewed the convulsing struggles of Roman and pontifical power, and the dreadful conflicts and eventful revolutions of European greatness; there, the successors of Columbus engaged in the work of blood and plunder: while, under the setting sun, you descried the Genius of America, hovering over a dreary wilderness. The whole presented a prospect, which, while it ravished the eyes of some, would put into a right merry mood the risibles of others. Certain baby critics, I know, and a few elderly gentlemen and ladies, who can, with equal ease, repeat a smooth word upon every occasion, would, on entering the room, start back and suddenly exclaim, with forced emphasis, "Oh! 'tis sweet! charming! delightful! elegant! heavenly."



But the truth was—the good old man looked upon the whole as a comprehensive “history of all nations”—and, upon my word, he could stand in the middle of the room and tell a longer story about the fate of kings and kingdoms, and more interesting withal, than many a one I have seen, who had never read so much as the history of one nation.

JONATHAN.

---

VARIETY.

---

*From Silliman's travels in England, Holland and Scotland.*

CEREMONIES OF THE NEW YEAR IN EDINBURGH.

I was almost a stranger to sleep last night, for the clock had no sooner struck twelve, than crowds of people began to parade the streets, and kept up an incessant noise till morning; there were such tumultuous movements and loud vociferation, that one might have supposed the city had been stormed.

It seems that it is the custom to give dinners on the last day of December; the sitting is frequently protracted till midnight, and the moment the new-year begins, such of the guests as are more fond of *high sport*, than of decent manners and seasonable sleep, sally out, to celebrate the joyful event. Their heads are half turned with wine, and the mob in the streets, stimulated with whisky, and ripe for deeds of brilliancy, are ready to follow or even to anticipate their example. The watchmen of the night relax their vigilance; the police take no concern in the matter, and no impediment is raised, from any quarter, to the full effusion of the joyous emotions which owe their existence quite as much to the convivial bounties of the old year, as to the moral excitement produced by the new.

The civilities of the night are particularly directed to the other sex, and every lady whom too presumptuous curiosity or accident has brought into the streets, is sure to receive the salutation of lips, still humid with the juice of the grape. Resistance is vain, and flight impossible; even the close shut coach is no adequate securi-

ty, for several carriages were stopped last night, and the ladies received, from they knew not whom, the first compliments of the new year. In short, in plain language, the custom authorizes any gentleman to kiss any lady who may be abroad that night, after twelve o'clock.

---

## PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

*From Bartram's Travels.*

On a sudden, an Indian appeared crossing the path, at a considerable distance before me. On perceiving that he was armed with a rifle, the first sight of him startled me, and I endeavoured to elude his sight by stopping my pace, and keeping large trees between us; but he espied me and turning short about, set spurs to his horse, and came up on full gallop. I never before this was afraid at the sight of an Indian, but at this time I must own that my spirits were very much agitated: I saw at once, that being unarmed, I was in his power, and having now but a few moments to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation; my mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreaded foe with resolution and cheerful confidence. The intrepid Siminole stopped suddenly, three or four yards before me, and silently viewed me, his countenance angry and fierce, shifting his rifle from shoulder to shoulder, and looking about instantly on all sides. I advanced towards him, and with an air of confidence offered him my hand, hailing him, brother; at this he hastily jerked back his arm, with a look of malice, rage and disdain, seeming every way disconcerted; when again looking at me more attentively, he instantly spurred up to me, and with dignity in his look and action, gave me his hand. We shook hands and parted in a friendly manner, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; and he informed me of the course and distance to the trading house, where I found he had been extremely ill treated the day before.



## Apollonian Wreath.

---

FOR THE CASKET.

### THE RUINS.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate,  
the voice of the people is heard no more, The thistle shook  
there its lonely head, and the moss whistled to the wind.

OSSIAN.

In that vale which the hillocks surround,  
With pleasure, how oft I have stray'd;  
What bliss, unalloy'd, have I found  
In these groves' and wild cherry-trees' shade.

There my infantile moments were spent;  
There I first view'd the morn's cheering beams,  
Where the willows their branches had bent  
O'er the side of a murmuring stream.

In yon village that stands near the hill,  
What moments of bliss have I seen!  
When all nature around me was still,  
When I view'd the small landscape so green.

When the sun his bright beams had withdrawn;  
How oft have I tripp'd o'er these plains,  
Or awak'd at the ush'ring of dawn,  
To hear the lone Whip-poor-will's strains.

These fanciful transports are o'er;  
I no longer *such* beauties behold—  
The rose, and the lily, no more,  
In these vallies, their beauties unfold.

My companions—ah! where are they now?  
Those who once were so blithsome and gay?  
Some have paid the last debt, that is due,  
To nature, and mingled with clay.

The green-sward—where oft we have play'd,  
Is with bushes and brambles o'ergrown,  
Thick hazles and briars have o'erspread  
The vales where I have wander'd alone.

Yon village, that once was so fair,  
And yon church, that appear'd once so gay,  
(With a spire that rose high in the air,)  
Ah, me! they have gone to decay!

O! how sadly impress'd; and how chang'd,  
Is the place, where I drew my first breath;  
Where a parent my childhood sustain'd—  
Where he sunk in the slumbers of death!

AURELIUS.

---

*The following poetic article was sent to us as "original." Our means of judging, enable us to pronounce it a plagiarism—it having appeared, almost verbatim, a few weeks since, in a N. York paper. We give it a place in the Casket upon its own merit, and not upon that of the person who has thought to oblige us by communicating it.*

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter! why  
Still flags thy torpid wing?  
Fly, melancholy season, fly,  
And yield the year to spring.

Sweet spring, the fairy form of love,  
An exile in disgrace;  
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,  
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,  
Alights her fairy form;  
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak  
Around her roll the storm.

If to the valley she repair  
For shelter and defence,  
Thy wrath pursues her there,  
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,  
Of her, unmindful grown;  
Feels the chill magic of thy look,  
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo flow'rs in vain,  
To rear their infant heads;



Deaf to her voice, her flow'rs remain  
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand  
Their green luxuriant charms ;  
Bare in the wilderness they stand,  
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favorite birds, in feeble notes,  
Lament thy long delay :  
And strain their little, stamm'ring throats,  
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, winter ! calm thy cruel rage,  
Release the struggling year ;  
Thy power is past, decrepid sage !  
Arise, and disappear.

The stars that grac'd thy splendid night,  
Are lost in warmer rays ;  
The sun, rejoicing in his might,  
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping winter, why  
Still flags thy frozen wing ?  
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly  
And yield the year to spring.

—•—  
*On a young child smiling in its sleep.*

May gazing angels ever keep  
Strict guard around thy bed ;  
And o'er those eyes, now clos'd in sleep,  
Their shadowing pinions spread !

Sweet innocent, thy pleasing dreams  
With weary'd Israel's vie—  
Rivers of milk, and honey streams—  
The land of promise nigh.

But oh ! when reason's light shall shine,  
And beauty's bud shall blow,  
Guide to thy steps, may faith divine  
The real Canaan show.

## Editor's Barret.

" — Here we take our stand,"  
Where " nought but *Candour* reigns."

.....

" Cymphroneous" is informed that the song of "*Tom Bowling*," we dare say, is as old as he is, and been published as many times as he is years old. However, we are under many obligations to him, for trying to impose upon us, and to testify our respect for such " a rare" genius, we shall give it a place—in our fire !

A poetical effusion, signed " B — H —," is received and shall be inserted next week.

We have received " Predictions for the year 1812," under the signature of " I Guess ;" but *we* " guess" that they cannot have a place in the Casket.

We cannot comply with the request of " Fanna Faithful." The misfortunes and afflictions which she labors under, may be true, but we think it would be no credit to her to make them public.

" Harry Harkwell" is under consideration.

The piece signed " Don-Lorenzo," has been mislaid. He is requested to furnish us with another copy.

Those of our subscribers who wish the Casket to be discontinued, after the present volume, are requested to leave their names at the office, by the first of May. Those who do not, will be considered as subscribers for the next volume.

The first and second volume will not be connected; so that there will be no objection to subscribe for the second volume, separate from the first.

The second volume will be printed on a better quality of paper, and will commence on the 6th of June next.

*Erratum.* In noticing the death of Miss Piggott, in our last, through mistake it was written " Eliza O."—it should read *Eliza Piggott*.

~~~~~  
*Printed and published by C. N. BEMENT, Hudson.*  
~~~~~